

THE HUT

Shortfilm

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1. EXT. FOREST - DAY

The winter forest remains silent, wrapped in a blanket of snow. Tall leafless trees cast long shadows on the frozen ground. The air is fresh and the only sound is the soft rustling of the trees in the air. The forest is completely alone.

ZOE (V.O.)

(softly)

The forest, damn forest... as lonely as ever. A symphony of silent echoes, where each tree stands sentinel in a cathedral of solitude. Overwhelming loneliness, desperate yet attractive, pulled me deeper into its paradoxical allure.

After several seconds, hurried footsteps can be heard in the distance.

ZOE

(screaming desperately)

Help, help!

Suddenly, ZOE (22-year-old woman, dressed in black), runs frantically through the desolate trees, breaking the overwhelming silence of the forest.

Her disheveled hair and wild eyes reflect the panic that grips her. She continuously looks over her shoulder, as if she's waiting for someone to emerge from the eerie silence.

After running desperately for several seconds, ZOE stops, chest heaving, turns around, looking in all directions and rotating on her own axis. Her agitated breath is visible in the cold air. The forest seems to draw closer to her, each tree a silent sentinel watching her disorientation. She grabs her head, bewildered and desperate.

The eerie loneliness of the forest amplifies ZOE's desperation. The snowy landscape stretches infinitely, a white canvas without any consolation. ZOE's confusion intensifies.

ZOE

(lets out a desperate shout)

As she pauses to catch her breath, the distant sound of approaching footsteps reaches her ears. Panic grips her again and she turns, running away from the invisible pursuer. Her eyes reflect terror. The strong wind whistles through the branches.

Suddenly, among the snow-laden branches in the distance, ZOE can see a small cabin, a lonely shelter.

ZOE stumbles toward the cabin, her desperation propelling her forward. As she desperately runs towards the cabin, she keeps looking back.

As she reaches the cabin door, ZOE glances back one last time, her eyes wide with fear. She slams the door shut behind her, the harsh sound echoing in the stillness of the forest.

2. INT. HUT - CONTINUOUS

ZOE rushes in and sits on the floor leaning against the door. The interior of the HUT is small, dimly lit by one window that let in a little light from the outside, casting long shadows on the worn wooden walls. The room exudes an overwhelming silence, where the only thing that can be heard are ZOE's minimal movements.

In a corner there is a bed with the sheets undone. Next, against the wall, is a wooden table with several papers on it. On one of the walls, there is a shelf with canned food and supplies.

Heavy breathing reverberates in the confined space as ZOE peels off her gloves, revealing tight rope marks on her wrists. Her hands tremble as she retrieves her cell phone from her coat bag. In the eerie glow of the device, she rubs her wrists.

With frantic urgency, she unlocks her phone and navigates to contacts. Only one name appears: "Papa."

As her trembling fingers hover over the phone screen, ZOE dials his number. The phone rings and echoes in the silent cabin. A voicemail plays, the desperation in her face is evident. She decides to leave him a voicemail.

ZOE
(whispering urgently)
Papa, it's Zoe. I don't even know
where I am, but I need you now. I
think I was kidnaped.

Her heavy breathing does not allow her to speak. She takes a long sigh trying to calm down.

ZOE
I woke up, Papa, tied up,
terrified. I don't know how I
escaped that place, don't remember.
When I finally got out, I realized
I'm in the middle of this forest,
surrounded by overwhelming
loneliness. And I ran, I ran until
I found this small hut.

She pauses briefly. She tilts her head and rubs her face.

ZOE
Someone's chasing me, Papa. No
matter where I hide, they'll find
me.

ZOE
(altered)
That's why I ran away from
everyone, to stop feeling
vulnerable, to hide from everyone.

ZOE looks up. She stares at the window she has right in front of her, possessed by the white light emitted bouncing off the snow.

ZOE
I regret it so much. Running away
from home, from you, from Mom, from
my friends, from everyone.
(whispering)
I thought escaping would shield me
from vulnerability, but now I'm
more vulnerable than ever.

A tear escapes, tracing a path down her cheek.

ZOE
Please, Papa, I need you to help
me. I need to come home. I need to
face everything I've been running
from.

Her voice breaks, while she tries to hold back her tears.

ZOE
I'm sorry, Papa. For everything.
I'm so sorry... if this is the last
time we talk, just know, I love
you. Even in my silence, love
remains.

As she ends the call, ZOE remains slouched against the door, the agony of her plea lingering in the air. She rubs her face to wipe away her tears while holding back her tears.

She gives a heavy sigh and stares blankly at the cabin, the expression on her face looks empty, she does not emit any feelings. Suddenly, there is something that catches her attention.

ZOE stands up with effort and approaches the old wooden table. On the wall there are several maps of the forest taped with drawings and marks. It looks like the forest where she is.

On the middle of the table, there are papers scattered and disordered. There are also papers lying on the floor. They look like notes, letters and doodles.

The words "loneliness," "escaping," and "finding strength" can be distinguished. She bends down to pick up the discarded papers, among which she finds a rope. She stares at it as she puts it on the table.

Next to the messy papers there is an open journal. ZOE stares at it. As she begins to read it, the confusion on her face becomes more noticeable.

Something diverts ZOE's attention. Next to a half-finished cup of tea is a photo. Her confused expression begins to turn to terror.

ZOE
(stuttering)
Ho-how is this possible.

It's a photo of her with her dad.

Suddenly, a loud knock on the door is heard. Exalted and frightened, ZOE quickly turns around. Her expression is terrified. She quickly grabs the rope and runs to put her back against the door to try to prevent it from being opened. The knocking on the door continues, as if someone was trying to break it down. ZOE's breathing becomes labored.

The knocking stops, however, ZOE remains still, attentive to any other sound. A shadow passes through the cabin's only light source: the window, causing the entire room to darken for a moment. Strange noises begin to be heard outside the hut. ZOE starts sobbing. She closes her eyes until the sounds stop after several seconds. She holds her breath so as not to evoke any sound. Everything remains silent.

She stares at the old table she was examining a few moments before.

In a frantic impulse, she opens the cabin door and hastily leaves the cabin.

3. EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

ZOE desperately runs out of THE HUT. Her breathing is labored and desperation is evident on her face. The snow crunches beneath her boots as she plunges into the depths of the desolate forest, her disheveled hair whipping in the cold wind.

She tries to get as far away from the cabin as she can. She doesn't look back, she just keeps running as she heads into the forest.

ZOE desperately runs out of THE HUT. Her breathing is labored and desperation is evident on her face. She tries to get as far away from the cabin as she can. She doesn't look back, she just keeps running as she heads into the forest.

Breathless and disoriented, she finally slows her pace, coming to a shaky halt. Her chest heaves, and she tries to collect herself. She looks back, and can no longer see the hut, only the forest and the overwhelming snow that surrounds it are visible.

ZOE desperately looks around to see the overwhelming forest. She seems to be looking for something but she can only see trees.

ZOE
(screaming)
Who are you?

Her breathing is labored.

ZOE
(screaming)
Leave me alone!

ZOE's voice echoes through the forest, bouncing off the trees like a desperate plea. The wind carries her words into the vast expanse of snow-covered wilderness. But there's no response, only the haunting silence.

As ZOE continues to navigate through the labyrinth of trees, her surroundings take on an eerie quality. The shadows dance, playing tricks on her perception. The forest seems to respond to her turmoil, whispering secrets of her past.

ZOE
(whispering to herself)
This forest... it's playing with my
mind.

Suddenly, she stumbles upon a clearing bathed in an otherworldly glow. In the center stands a spectral figure, mirroring her every move. ZOE freezes, her breath caught in her throat.

ZOE
(stuttering)
No... it can't be.

The figure in the clearing mimics her, mirroring her gestures with unsettling precision. ZOE watches in disbelief as the realization dawns upon her.

ZOE
(whispering)
It's me...

4. INT. HUT - DAY

Sequence shot as confusing and blurring flashbacks:

1) ZOE is arriving at the cabin with her suitcases.

- 2) ZOE is crying while writing in her journal.
- 3) ZOE is pointing and drawing on the map on her wall.
- 4) ZOE is tying herself up.

5. EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

ZOE
(teary-eyed)
I'm my own kidnapper...

ZOE turns to see her hand. She realizes that she brings the rope. He drops her in the snow. Her face is totally confused.

ZOE's breathing, visible in the cold, becomes the only sound among the forest.

FADE OUT.

6. EXT. FOREST - LATER

ZOE stands, a teary-eyed silhouette in the fading light. Her breath pierces the silent air.

ZOE (V.O.)
In the echoes of my desperation,
the truth emerged - the forest, my
refuge; the cabin, my silent
confidant. Time eludes me, lost in
the forest's embrace.

She walks toward the cabin, its warm glow contrasting with the cold surroundings.

ZOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I've already lost track of time,
uncertain of my days. The forest's
mystery becomes my companion, and
the cabin, my sanctuary.

In the distance, THE HUT can be seen again. ZOE's figure fades as she walks towards THE HUT.

ZOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Papa, if you're listening to this,
forgive me. Even in silence, love
remains. With love, Zoe.